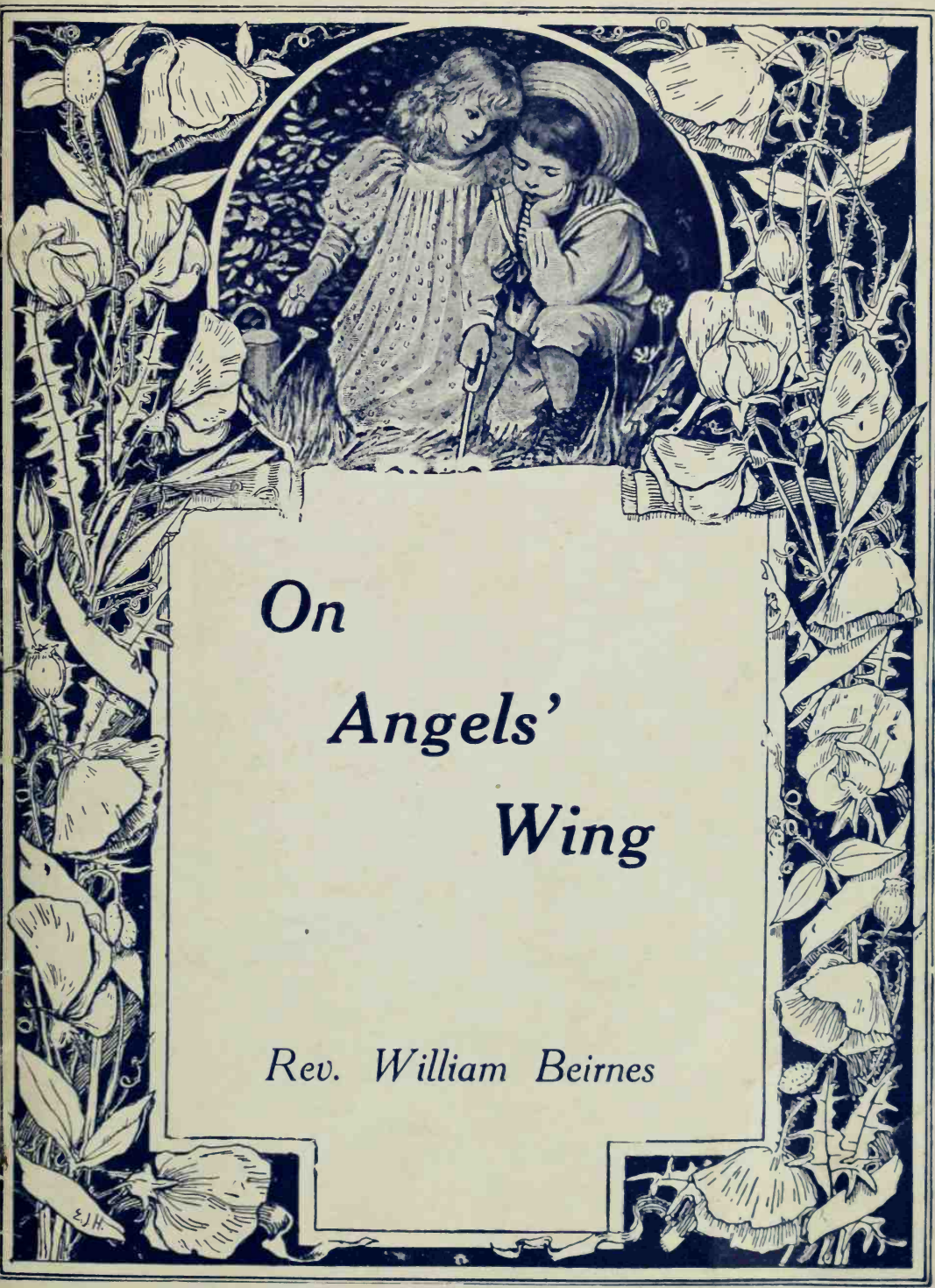

On Angels' Wing

Rev. William Beirnes

On Angel's Wing

BY

Rev. William Beirnes

Revivalist Press

1810 Young Street

Cincinnati, Ohio

DEDICATION

To Malcolm, who alone is left of the boys to battle through life's treacherous journey, and to all other children who may be influenced by this testimony, we dedicate this little volume.

FOREWORD

God has laid it upon my heart to put this testimony into print. It has been wonderfully used of God in our evangelistic work.

Many mothers and fathers are cheating their children out of the most valuable heritage by not being earnest Christians; and by not having a family altar, where the Bible is read and where God meets them in blessing in prayer. Every child, reaching the age of accountability, should be encouraged to seek God, and helped into a definite experience.

We send this little volume on its way, praying that God will use it in the salvation of parents and children, assured that in the day of rewards Billy, who was only eight years and nine months old when God took him to Heaven, will have many beautiful stars in his crown; for, "He being dead yet speaketh".

Billy's father, Evangelist Wm. Beirnes.

Matt. 18:3. Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Prov. 22:6. Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

Luke 9:48. Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me.

Matt. 19:13, 14. Then were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Luke 18:17. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

Matt. 18:10. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

There is nothing more beautiful than a child's faith, or a child's conversion. At the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, the children cried in the temple saying, "Hosanna to the son of David." Jesus rebuked the murmuring Pharisees

by saying, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

Billy was reared around a family altar. As parents we never urged our children to seek God in Christian experience, but prayerfully watched them as they came into the light of salvation and entered the age of accountability. We never failed to carefully answer every Bible question they asked us. For three months before his conversion Billy asked me many questions on the subjects of Heaven, hell, and the second coming of Jesus. One morning at family prayer his mother noticed that he was under conviction, and asked him if he did not want to get saved, to which he replied, "Yes." He then came to me as I was still kneeling in prayer, and throwing his arms around my neck he said, "Daddy, I want to get saved." We told him just to repent of his sins, ask God to save him and believe Him to do it. Without hesitating he lifted his face and hands to Heaven and prayed earnestly for forgiveness. Tears flowed freely down his cheeks, and in a minute or two he came through into a definite experience and shouted and praised God. From then to the day of his death he never failed to pray each day till his soul was greatly blessed.

One day Billy ran a sliver into his foot. It was just a small puncture, and we never expecetd it to

develop into a serious condition; but before we knew it he was stricken with tetanus. The doctor was called but was unable to help him, and told us so from the beginning. Believing in Divine healing, we called in two good Christian elders to anoint and pray for him. When they prayed God came in great blessing. We wept and praised God together, taking this as an evidence that God had answered in healing; however, he did not recover but rather grew worse. Prayer was offered several times a day and attended by the same melting blessings. Heaven seemed to settle down on our little home. It was easy to pray and get blessed.

Frequently Billy would call the family to prayer, and then call on each one by name, saying, "Mother, cry to God—Gladys, cry to God—Doris, cry to God—Daddy, cry to God." Then he would pour out his soul to God in prayer, and with tears flowing he would plead for the salvation of others. He would especially pray for one young girl in the community. She had mysteriously disappeared from her home, and Billy would so earnestly pray that God would bring her back and save her. This prayer was answered after Billy had slipped away to Heaven.

In his intense suffering he was an example of patience. He was conscious that he was not going to live, and one day he asked me to carry

him from his bed to the couch. I did so, and then he asked me to bring him all his playthings, and the few pennies he possessed. On bringing them to him I said, "Billy, do you want to play with them?" His reply was, "No, I will not need them any more. Give them all to Malcolm for me." Thus he made his will. He said, "I am going to die, but do not tell mother; it will hurt her." How thoughtful he was in every thing! His will made, he asked me to carry him back to his bed. While I had him in my arms he testified with these words, "God has given me a clean heart." How wonderful! God can give every child a clean heart. That is what we all must have to get to Heaven; and God is so willing to give it to us, if we come to Him with a humble and contrite spirit.

After this Billy called his little brother to him, and asked him to get on his knees and pray. Little Mac kneeled beside the bed, and Billy put his hand on his head and prayed earnestly for his salvation. Malcolm had not come to the years of accountability and did not understand it all; but in one year from then, at his first light, he followed me to the altar and prayed through as clearly as had Billy.

We are living in a world of sin; all the human race is serving a probationary state, and every redeemed soul must be tested as to his salvation.

Yet we could not see why this boy, so young, should be so severely tested. However, we now see how God was glorified in this life, by this test, and his experience made richer, and thus he will shine the brighter in Glory.

One day I noticed Billy seemed to have a cloud over his soul; but I thought it might be because of his suffering, as he was drawing near to the hour of his death, which came the following night. He kept his soul test and suffering to himself as long as he could, and then, looking up into my face, and in deepest despair, he said, "Daddy, I guess I will have to give up and go down to hell." The devil was tempting him to doubt his salvation and give up his hope of Heaven. The devil is as a roaring lion and goes about seeking whom he may devour. He is the accuser of the brethren; but he is a liar and can be defeated by our testimony, and pleading the Blood of Jesus. Call on Jesus and Satan must leave. Oh, how I hated the devil for trying to get my little boy to doubt God and his experience, when so near eternity! But I knew that there was one way of escape, so I told Billy that it was just a temptation and the way through was to point the devil to the Blood of Jesus and to where Christ had saved him. We went to prayer, and in a very short time he was again shouting the victory.

That was not his last test, for just before death

Wilbur

Melvin Malcolm

Billy Malcolm

came over him he was again tested. This time, as before, he looked to me and said, "Daddy, I do not want to go into a hole in the ground." Death, you know, children, is an enemy. But Jesus overcame death for us, and has promised us through his Resurrection that glorious Easter morning that His children would also overcome death, and be resurrected as He was. We have the promise in God's Holy Word, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Thank God, the day is coming when there will be no more death. Upon seeing the devil attacking him even in the very article of death itself, I said to him, "No, Billy, you are not going into a hole in the ground; that is just your little body. Jesus is coming for you, and will take you to Heaven." Then I kneeled by his dying bed and read the Scripture to him from Rev. 7:14-17: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 21:4-7:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. . . . . He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

Billy held onto every word that he heard read, and then we went to prayer again; as usual Billy closed the prayer, and came through praising God. The friends that had gathered asked him to pray for them, so he prayed for each one who asked him. We lingered on our knees, as we saw that he was fast sinking into death. Suddenly he saw Heaven opened and, raising the only arm that he could use, he pointed upward and cried with delight, "O Daddy, look! Jesus!" Jesus had come for him. His face was shining with a heavenly light as he shouted and praised God. We all joined in shouting and praising God with him. I looked in the direction he was pointing, and when I turned back I saw my oldest daughter with her shining face turned heavenward, shouting and praising God. She saw through into the heavens as though there were no roof on the house, and beheld a halo of glory. Others saw a

flash of light, but Billy saw Jesus. Heaven was so near and the presence of God too wonderful for words to describe. In death he was more than conqueror, and we could only shout and praise God with him. His battles were fought and the victories won.

At this time two doctors came in and were about to inject a serum into his arm. He begged them to do no more for him, but to let him go. His mother said, "But, Billy, do you not want to stay with Daddy and Mother?" He cried, "No, I want to go to Heaven." One look into the glory world and beholding the sweet face of Jesus made him forget the hole in the ground. Home and parents had also lost their attractions for him. A better home and a loving Heavenly Father were just in sight.

After about twenty minutes the heavens opened again, and his two little brothers who had preceded him to Glory came to the battlements of Heaven to greet his coming. Yes, Heaven is a real place, and we will know each other there. When Billy saw them he said, "Well, there's Wilbur." Wilbur went to Heaven at the age of two and one-half years, when Billy was only six weeks old. They did not know each other in life, but in Heaven they knew each other and that by name. Immediately after seeing Wilbur, Billy saw his other brother and cried out with delight.

"Well, hello, Melvin," just like greeting an old-time playmate. And indeed they had been the greatest of playmates until God took Melvin to Heaven at the age of two years. Billy then went into an inarticulate conversation that we could not understand. I suppose it was the language of Heaven; but once in a while the Lord let him break out in language clear to us. He raised his hand part way with great effort and said, "Reach your hand a little farther, Melvin, till I can get hold of it." His body was now an encumbrance and holding him back. Then he later said, "Come here, Malcolm; Melvin wants to see you." Malcolm, who is still with us, is Melvin's twin brother. Think of it; Melvin in Heaven wanted to see his twin brother on earth. Mother went to bring Malcolm to the bedside, for we were experiencing so many wonders we did not know what might be revealed next. But God had put him into such a deep sleep that he could not be awakened, no matter how much Mother tried; so returning, she told Billy that Malcolm could not come, for he was asleep and she could not awaken him. Billy spoke again to his brother, saying in a disappointed tone of voice, "Malcolm cannot come now, but he will see you in the morning."

Billy soon lost consciousness, and after a while slipped away to that Heavenly Home. We shall meet them in the morning over there. Jesus said,

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Dear children, if through the reading of this story God has touched your heart, just get down on your knees and ask God to forgive your sins, and believe Him to do it. He will save you, and give you joy and peace in your heart. Then when He comes to take all who love Him to those mansions in the skies, you will be ready to go. Or, if death should overtake you first, then He will come and take your little spirit to that delightful place, Heaven.

Yours, praying earnestly for the salvation of the children,

Evangelist Wm. Beirnes,
Denver, Colo.

THE SHEPHERD'S OWN

The Master Shepherd gave His lovely lambs
To tender keepers of an earthly fold:
"Take these;" He said, "and nourish them for me;
Let love encircle them, and carefully
Shield every little foot from lurking harm."
With grateful hearts the keepers took the flock,
And day by day watched over them with care
While dearer, dearer still as moments sped,
The precious lambs to keepers true became:
And thankfulness unto their Master grew
To overflowing love; and for His sake
More earnest care upon His lambs bestowed,
And guarded feet and hearts from day to day,
Lest any should be lost or go astray.

Anon the Master Shepherd came to view
The little flock unto these keepers dear,
And witnessed how with vigilance they walked,
And led their little flock in pleasant fields
His kindness had provided for their good.
He said, "My keepers faithful are and true,
And for my little flock, their love for me
Hath wondrously increased; and fonder still
Have grown their hearts. And so, to seal them mine,
Unto myself I'll take this darling lamb,
The youngest one, which needs the greatest care."
With breaking hearts the keepers gave him o'er,
And said, "Oh Master dear, Thy will be done,
Thy lamb is he, take Thou Thy little one."

Dear keepers of the Shepherd's precious lambs,
Our hearts do bleed with thine, and tear-drops fall,
And words of sympathy can ne'er lay bare
The sorrow that for thee wells up within.

Since hearts are human they must lonely feel,
But in the loneliness, the Master seeks
To make Himself more dear, and Heaven bring
Nearer, the inner vision to reveal
The explanation of each mystery.
Look upward then, more steadfastly to Heav'n,
(For less there is below thy love to claim)
And there behold thy lamb in Jesus' arms.
You loved him well, but tho' severe the test,
Rejoice because the Master loved him best.

—By Billy's Mother.

Written for other bereaved parents before Billy's death